

No. 10 MAY 1

Captain Marvel

ADVENTURES

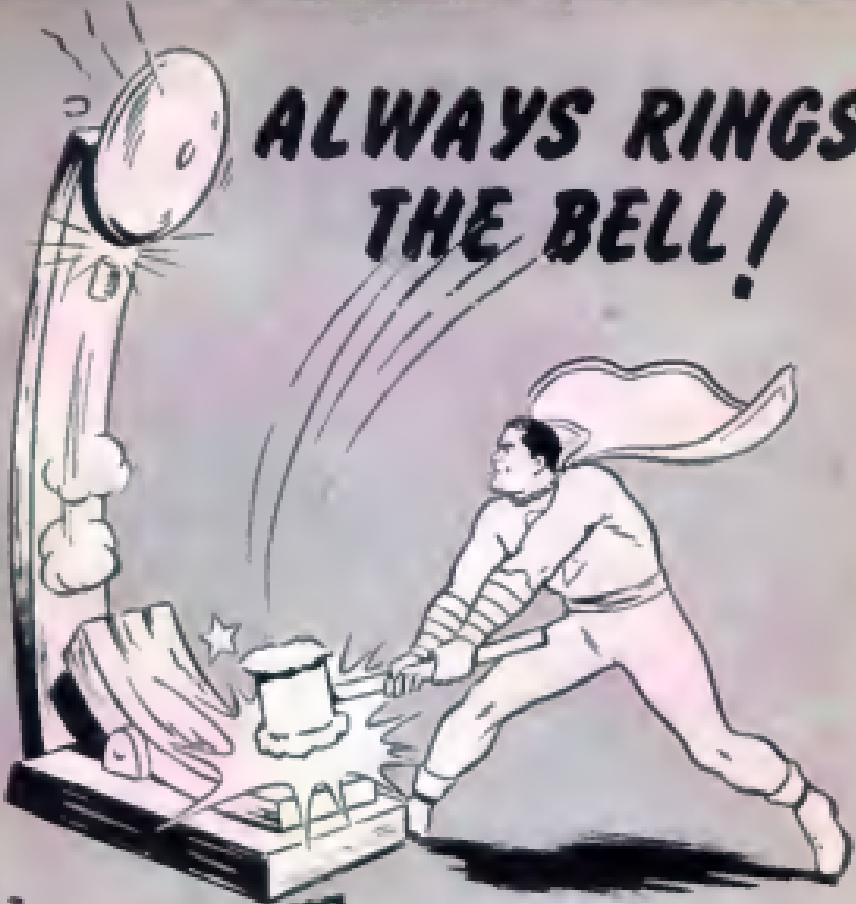
A MARVEL PUBLICATION

10c



Billy Batson speaks the
word of power and it's
CAPTAIN MARVEL
TO THE RESCUE!

ALWAYS RINGS THE BELL!



PLUS

SPY SMASHER
GOLDEN ARROW
LANCE O'CASEY
DR. VOODOO
And IBIS
SEE THEM EVERY
MONTH IN WHIZ
COMICS

CAPTAIN MARVEL
FEATURED EVERY
MONTH IN ...

**WHIZ
COMICS**

GET IT AT YOUR
NEWSSTAND NOW!

EDITORIAL ADVISORY
BOARD OF
**CAPT. MARVEL
ADVENTURES**

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT
President of the Girl Scouts
Council of Greater New York

ADMIRAL
RICHARD E. BYRD
Noted Explorer, Aviator and
Author

ALAN BOY BARTH, M.D.
The famous Quintuplet doctor

The Rev.
JOHN W. TYMAN, S.J.
Famous University Faculty

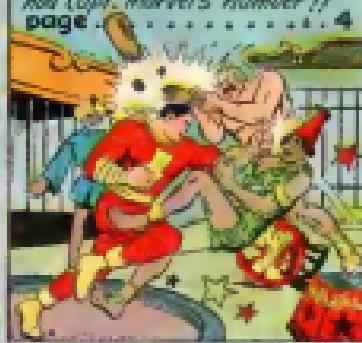
To help us maintain high standards of wholesome entertainment in our comic publications, we have enlisted the aid of the distinguished individuals whose names are given above.

Fawcett Publications, Inc., is happy to have the co-operation of these advisors whose names are known to every parent and child. I am sure that our readers will greatly be the better for it. Mrs. Roosevelt, Admiral Byrd, Dr. Barth and Father Tyman wish this magazine

CAPTAIN MARVEL ADVENTURES

Presents •

CAPTAIN MARVEL at the CIRCUS!
The lady Barber Man thought he
had Capt. Marvel's number! 4

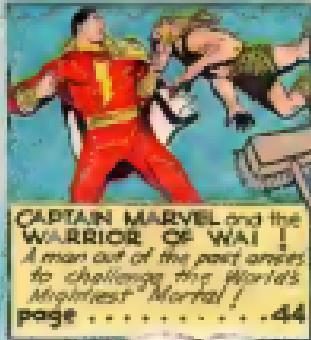


**CAPT. MARVEL and the
RADIO RACKETEERS!**
A couple of crooks try
to take over big time
broadcasting! 21



ALSO
COPS are for COMPOSERS!
A thrilling short story! 42

**CAPTAIN MARVEL and the
WARRIOR OF WAI!**
A man out of the past comes
to challenge the world's
mightiest Marvel! 44



**CAPTAIN MARVEL and the
STRANGE ORDERS from
WASHINGTON!**
Who was behind the plot?
A secret agent in Washington? 34



— AND DON'T
FORGET ME—
I'M ON PAGE
36!

by F. J. Newell, Jr.
Illustrator

CAPTAIN MARVEL

At the Circus

ALL THE POWERS OF THE CREATION
ARE IN THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD.
COLOR FOR VISION
STRENGTH FOR STRENGTH
TIME FOR STAMINA
LIFE FOR POWER
LIFES FOR COURAGE
WISDOM FOR SPEED, HARM
DANGER GATHERED TOGETHER
AND PLACED IN THE HANDS OF
THE FOX RADIO REPORTER,
BILLY BATSON!
WHEN HE PERFORMED THE
WORD OF ZUR-ZUR, HE BROKE IN
BLINDING FLASH OF LIGHTNING
THE NIGHT!

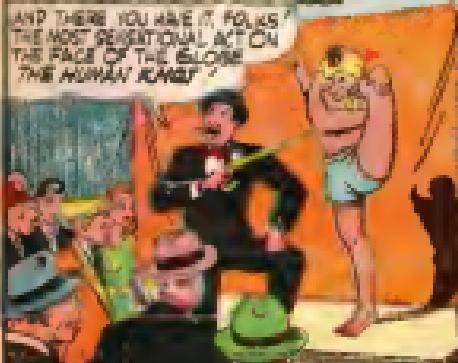
CAPTAIN MARVEL!

10¢

THE INDIA RUBBER MAN AT THE CIRCUS REALLY THOUGHT HE HAD CAPTAIN MARVEL'S NUMBER, THAT TIME! BUT HE ONLY GOT THE BOUNCE AND IS NOW SIZING A STRETCH! IT ALL BEGAN ONE DAY WHEN ---



SITTING CRONDE AT THE ENGLUND BROS. CIRCUS WATCH IN WONDER THE AMAZING CONTOURNONS OF THE INDIA RUBBER MAN.



AND THERE YOU HAVE IT, FOLKS! THE MOST SENSATIONAL ACT ON THE FACE OF THE EARTH! THE HUMAN KANGY!



ASHEH-- ASHEH! I'M HADHA GOLATHA-- BUT THE HYPELS IN KHSTE, DAY AFTER DAY, WEEK AFTER WEEK, WHILE THESE STUPID FOOLS CARE AT ME! I'M SICK OF IT!

OFF DUTY AT LAST, THE INDIA RUBBER MAN
PHASER THE EXHIBIT OF THOR, THE STRONG MAN.

"BAAA! NOTTA MAN
TO HAVE A LAUGH."

"YOU TOO, THOR? GONE
A HOOH WITH YOU?"



IN DOWNTOWN BACKSTAGE, THEY COME UPON
A THREE-DIMENSIONED FIGURE.

THE WILD MAN
FROM BORNEO
WHAT'S EATIN'
AAAH P

ME DISGUSTED!
HE NO LIKE
THREE
CIRCUS.
OF US!



A DREAD PACT IS FORMED.

ARE YOU
WITH
ME?

I WAS A THIS BEFORE
I LOST MY HEAD, I'M
WIT-YA, GOURAMA

EIGHT!
WE
HELP!



CHEER UP! OUR HOUR OF TRIUMPH IS AT HAND!
BROUGHT WITH ME FROM INDIA A STRANGE
ORIENTAL POWDER. THROUGH ITS AMAZING PROP-
ERTIES, WE CAN RULE INSTEAD OF BE RULED!



AND THAT EVENING, THE FALLING SHADOWS HID
THREE SKULMING FIGURES THAT SLINK
THROUGH THE CITY.

FIRST TO THE HOME OF BAUBA,
THE BIG BANKER, WE NEED
MONEY! SOFTLY, NOW!







D'YA KNOW WHAT I DO
TO GIVE THAT DO
THAT TO MY PAL?

GIVE ME
THREE
GUESSES,
EH?

I PICK 'EM OFF THE
FLOOR AND THROW
'EM AGAINST THE
WALL LIKE THIS --
UH-UH-UHHHHH --

I'M
WAITING!



BUT
THANKS FOR
GIVING ME
THE IDEA!

HEY! I'M THE
STRONG MAN!
DADY!



I CAN'T BELIEVE MY
EYES! THOR AND
BORENE BOTH
LAI LOW?

YOUR BODYGUARDS
WERE EASY SQUATMA.
I HATE TO PICK ON YOU -
YOU'RE SO FRALY!



HMM? ARE
YOU MADE OF
RUBBER?

PRACTICALLY!
YOUR GLOVE
HAS LOST ALL
ITS EFFECT-
IVENESS!



BUT THE INDIA RUBBER MAN'S NECK
ONLY STRETCHES.

I NEED A LITTLE MORE STEIN, I
GUESS. YOU CAN'T ABSORB ALL
THE BUNCH IN THIS WITHOUT
GETTING SPROGGY!

PEEK-A-
BOO!



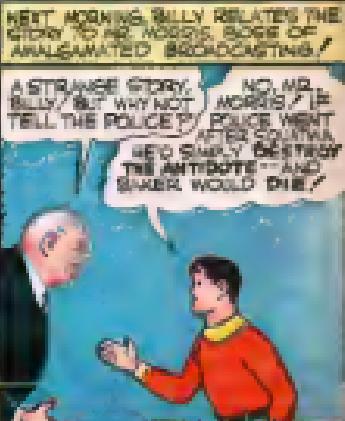
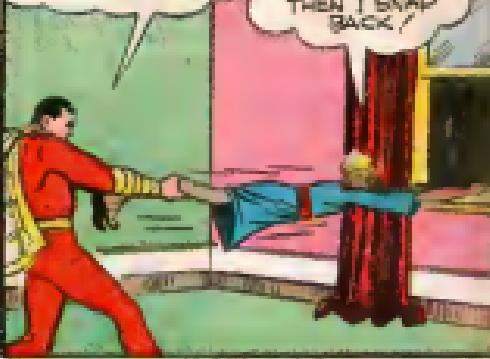
HAS THE WORLD'S STRONGEST MORTAL MET HIS MATCH AT LAST? IT'S AS SOON A THING AS POSSIBLE.

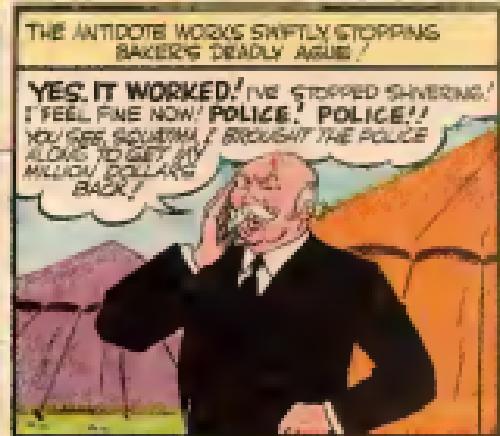
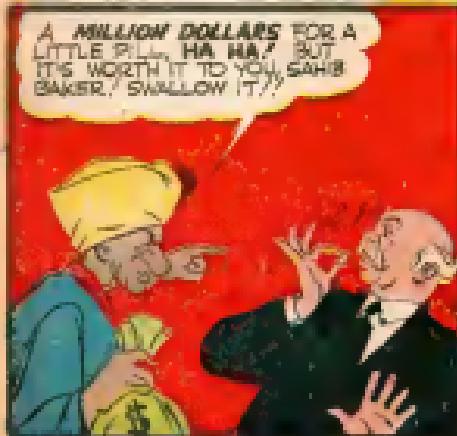
WHAT IS YOUR BRUTE STRENGTH, SHAZAM MARVEL? AGAINST MY RUBBER BODY? IF ALL YOUR PREVIOUS OPPONENTS STOOD UP TO YOU--AND LOST! I HEREBLY GIVE WITH EACH BLOW--HAH-AH-HA!! HOW, MARVEL?

NO YOU DON'T!



YOU'LL COME BACK EVEN IF I HAVE TO PULL YOU OUT LIKE TAFFY! YOU CAN ONLY STRETCH ME OUT SO FAR... AND THEN I SNAP BACK!





BEFORE CAPTAIN MARVEL CAN GIVE CHASE HIMSELF, THE POLICE SWARM PAST HIM!



A CAR OF THE HIGH RIDE POSES AT THE CREST AND THEN PLUMPS DOWNWARD TOWARD THE CRASH... ON A RIDE OF DOOM!



...AND TOWS THE CAR TO SAFETY!! IT'S CAPTAIN MARVEL!!



THE RIDERS SAY! CAPTAIN MARVEL ONCE MORE RESUMES PURSUIT OF SQUATMA AND HIS HENCHMEN.

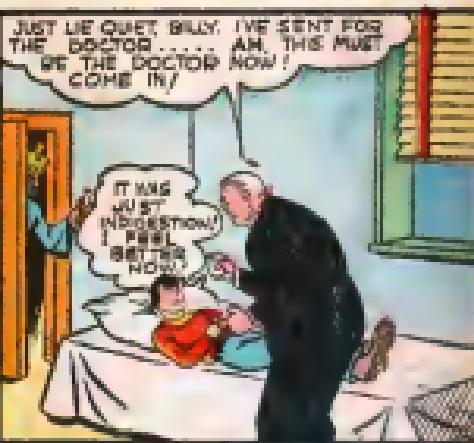
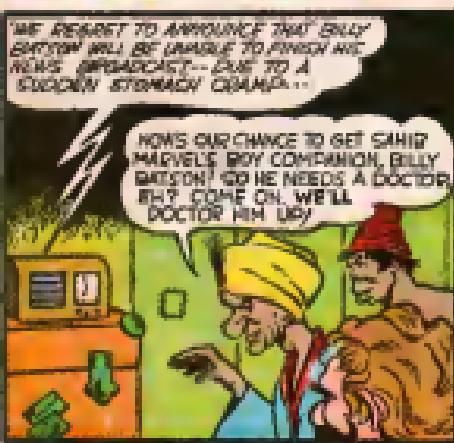




FOLKS-- IT SEEMS THERE'S A FREAK AT THE CIRCUS WHO THINKS HE'S PUT IT OVER ON CAPTAIN MARVEL. BUT CONFIDENTIALLY CAPTAIN MARVEL WOULD JUST LIKE TO SEE HIM TRY ANY MORE OF HIS POISON TRICKS AND AND



WE REGRET TO ANNOUNCE THAT BILLY EASTON WILL BE UNABLE TO FINISH HIS NEWS BROADCAST-- DUE TO A SICKLY STOMACH CRAMPS...



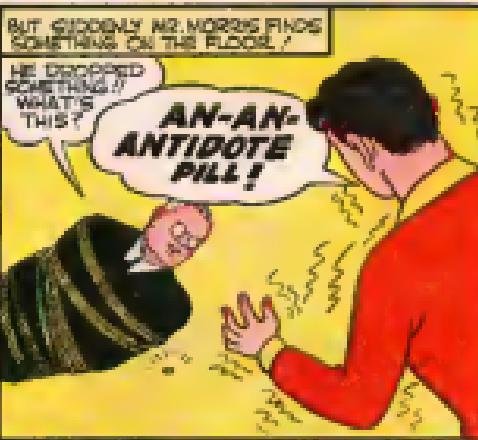
AS THE POISON COURSES THROUGH BILLY'S
BODY, A VIOLENT SHIVERING OVERTAKES HIM!

SHAZ-SHA-SHA--
I CAN'T SAY SHAZAM!
MY TEETH ARE
CHATTERING TOO
MUCH!

AND NO ANTIDOTE
FOR YOU, BILLY
BATION? NO - I
WANT YOU TO
DIE!

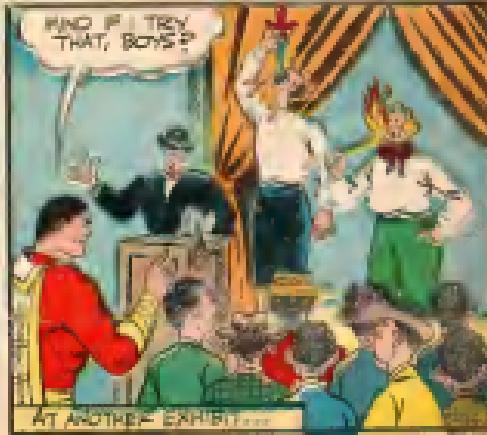
SABRE MORRIS! YOU
WILL PLEASE CAUSE
NO TROUBLE!

HELP!!!
POLICE!





WITH BASELY A TAP, THE EARTH'S NIGHTSTICK PORTAL SENDS THE WEIGHT UP AGAIN..... AND AGAIN..... AND AGAIN.....



CAPTAIN MARVEL PUTS ON A SHOW—THE LIKE OF WHICH HAS NEVER BEEN SEEN!



SO IS THIS BAD MEDICINE—ENOUGH OF MY POISON TO KILL AN ARMY! I WAS GOING TO DUMP IT IN THE CITY RESERVOIR, AND THUS ENSLAVE THEM ALL! BUT NOW I'LL USE IT ON MARVEL!



MARVEL'S PLAN WORKS! HE IS CRIED BY THOR, WHO REPORTS TO SQUATHA!

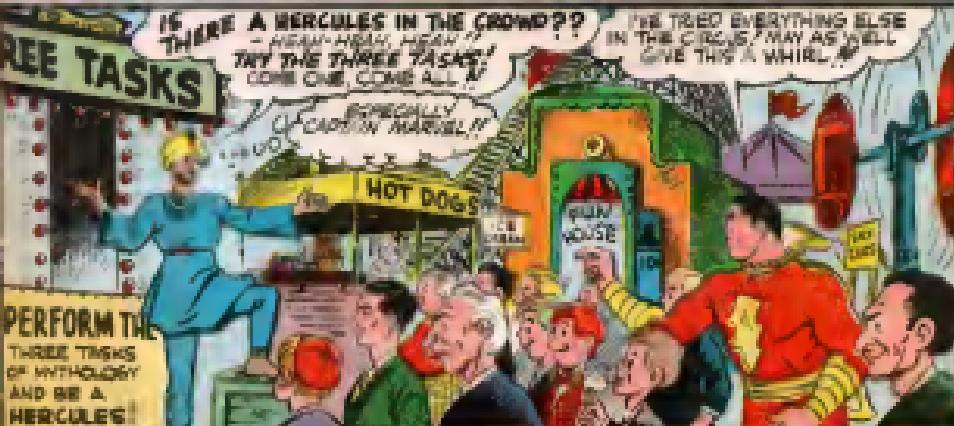


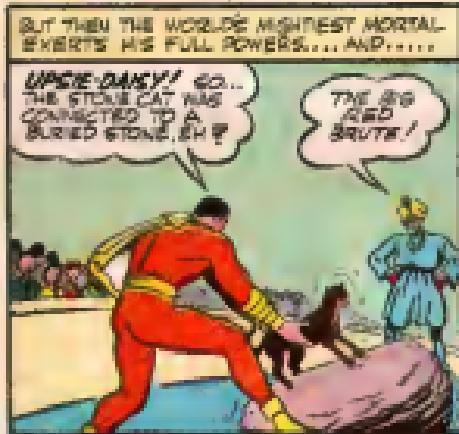
WHAT'S THE IDEA? WELL, WE'RE OPEN THE "THREE TASKS" EXHIBIT! IT'S A TRAP FOR CAPTAIN MARVEL!

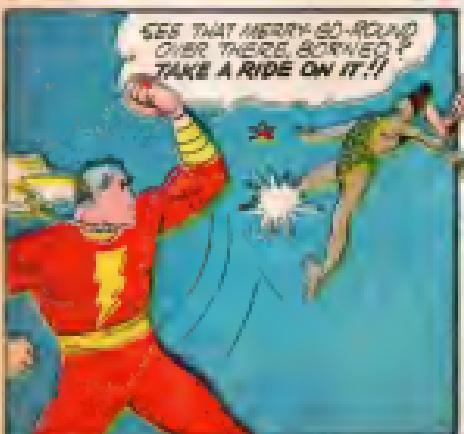
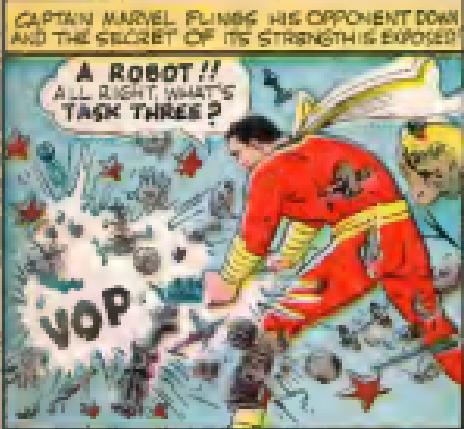


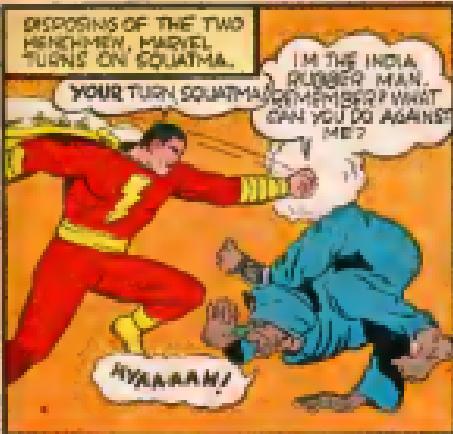
IS THERE A HERCULES IN THE CROWD??
HEAVY-HEAVY-HEAVY!
TRY THE THREE TASKS!
COME ONE, COME ALL!

I'VE TRIED EVERYTHING ELSE
IN THE CIRCUS, SO AS WELL
GIVE THIS A WHIRL!









JOIN UP TODAY!

Become a member of
the CAPTAIN-MARVEL
CLUB! And watch for
messages from Cap-
tain Marvel in the
club's secret code!

THIS IS THE
BADGE GIVEN
TO EACH
MEMBER. GET
YOURS NOW!



CAPTAIN MARVEL, care of WHIZ COMICS
22 Putnam Ave., Greenwich, Connecticut

Dear Captain Marvel:

Please enroll me as a member of the growing CAPTAIN MARVEL CLUB. I enclose \$1 (in coin or stamps) to cover cost of mailing. Also, I understand that I am to receive my CAPTAIN MARVEL CLUB CARD, which contains the secret code, and the CAPTAIN MARVEL BADGE.

Name: _____ Age: _____

Street Address: _____

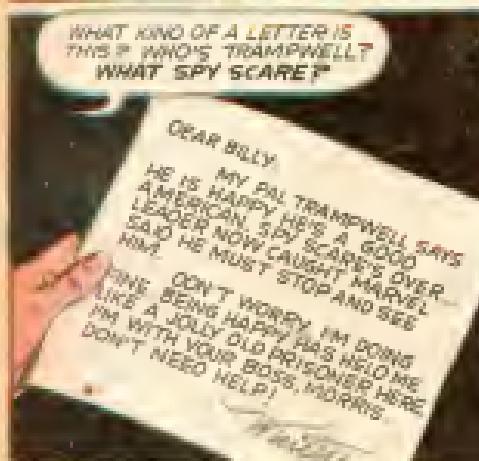
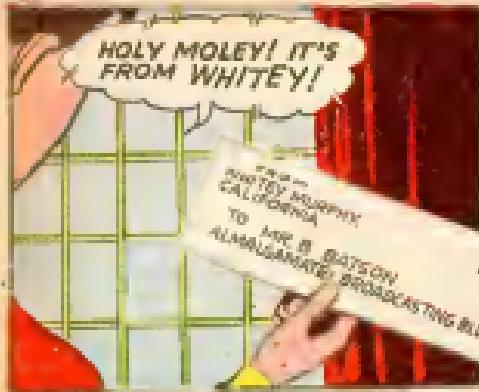
City and State: _____



Capt. MARVEL

And the
RADIO RACKETEERS





DEAR BILLY,
THIS INTRODUCES MR.
TRAMPWELL A VERY DEAR
FRIEND OF MINE. HE IS AN
EXPERT IN THE BUSINESS
AND I AM THE MAN
IN CHARGE FOR THE BUSINESS
ON MY VACATION. HE WILL TAKE
ANYTHING THAT MR. TRAMP
WILL WANT TO DO. MR. TRAMP
BE SURELY DONE. EVERYTHING
BE CARRIED OUT
SINCERELY,
Feeling Morris

MY RESIGNATION! BUT,
SIR--I'VE WORKED HERE
FOR TWO SOLID YEARS!



GOSH! I'M SURE MR.
MORRIS DIDN'T MEAN
MR. TRAMPWELL SHOULD
FIRE ME. BESIDES, WHO'S
GOING TO TAKE OVER MY
PROGRAMS?



YES, MR. TRAMPWELL.
WHAT ARE YOUR FIRST
(GULP) ORDERS, SIR?

HMM... FIRST
I MUST ASK
FOR YOUR
RESIGNATION,
BATSON.

CAN'T HELP THAT, MY BOY.
I DON'T LIKE THE WAY YOU
PRESENT YOUR NEWS
BROADCASTS... AND, AS
MR. MORRIS STATES
MY ORDERS MUST BE
OBEYED! GOOD DAY.

GOOD DAY
SIR
(GULP)

MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE STUDIOS.

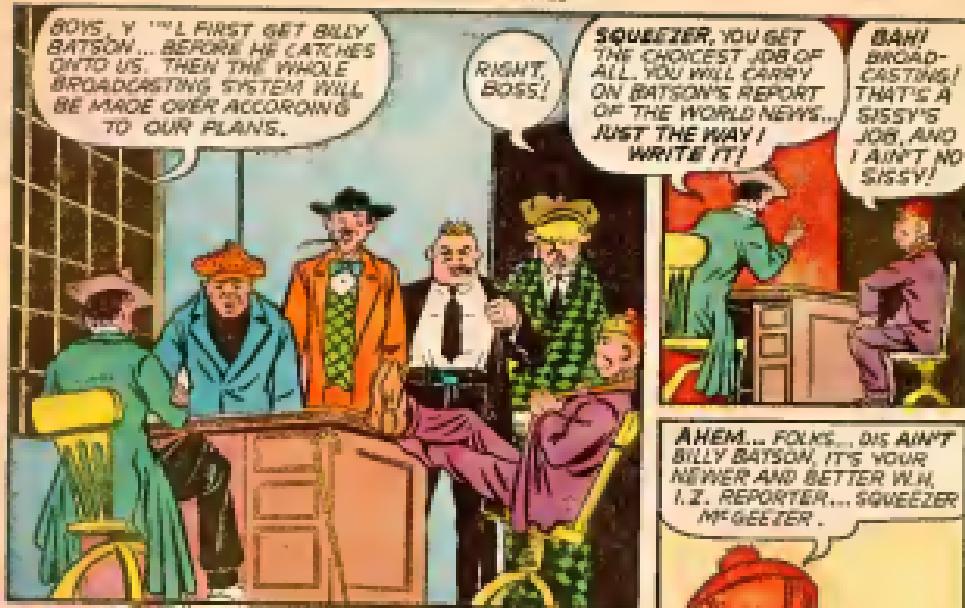
AH, BOYS! COME RIGHT IN
TO YOUR NEW PLACE OF
BUSINESS!

A BROADCAST-
ING STUDIO—
BAH!

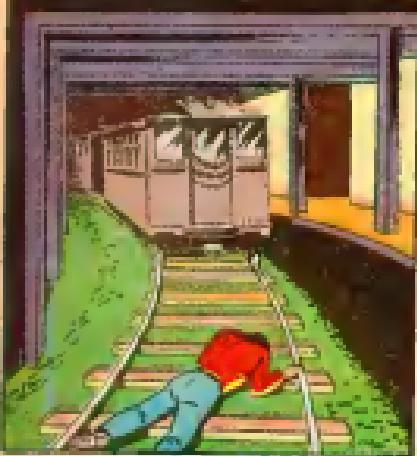
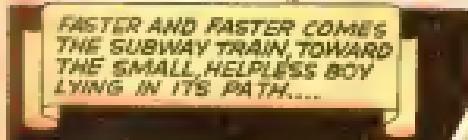
SWELL JOINT,
AIN'T IT?

TANKS,
BOSS.





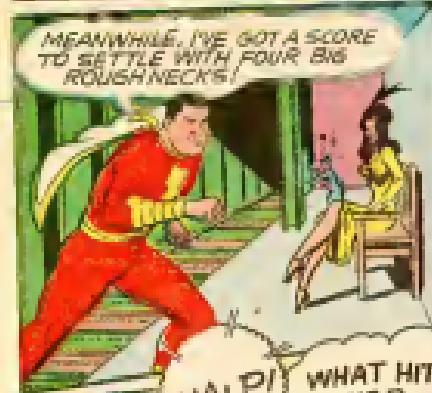


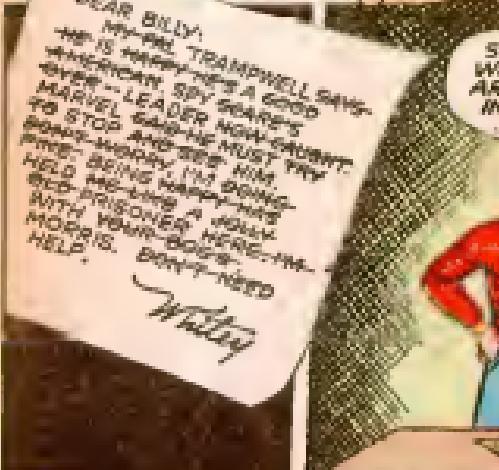


THE UNDERGROUND TUNNEL SEEMS TO QUIVER AND SHAKE AS FIERCE LIGHTNING STREAKS DOWN, AND ROARING THUNDER ECHOES OVERHEAD.



JUST AS EASILY AS HE WOULD STOP A ROLLING RUBBER BALL, MIGHTY CAPTAIN MARVEL STOPS THE SPEEDING EXPRESS TRAIN.







BACK IN THE STUDIO AGAIN... WHERE TRAMPWELL HURRIEDLY PUTS THROUGH A CALL OVER HIS SHORT WAVE SET.

HUNCHY! HUNCHY! THIS IS TRAMPWELL SPEAKING. CAPTAIN MARVEL IS WISE TO US! WE THINK HE'S ON HIS WAY OUT THERE!

THAT'S RIGHT HUNCHY. NOW HERE'S WHAT YOU DO. FIRST KILL MORRIS AND THAT KID WHITNEY—BY TORTURE, OF COURSE—AND THEN BLOW THE WHOLE PLACE UP BY DYNAMITE WHEN MARVEL GETS THERE. THAT SHOULD SETTLE HIM!

JUST LEAVE IT TO HUNCHY, BOSS. TAKE IT FROM SQUEEZE MESEEZER THAT WHEN HUNCHY KILLS ANYBODY... THEY STAY KILLED!

KNOCK!
KNOCK!

WHO'S THERE?

PSSST, MR. MORRIS. HERE HE COMES AGAIN WITH THAT RED HOT POKER!

STEADY... WHITNEY! STEADY.

HEE HEE HAA, HAA.
HO! BIG BOSS SAY
THAT HUNCHY
TORTURE YOU
TWO... HA, HA, HA!

WELL, I'M NOT THE FULLER BRUSH MAN!



CAPTAIN MARVEL

A DEAFENING ROAR SPLITS THE AIR. THE WHOLE EARTH SEEMS TO SHAKE AND SHIVER AS THOUGH SOME BLAZING COMET HAD COLLIDED WITH IT! ONLY ONE MAN ALIVE COULD STAND THAT BLAST..... CAPTAIN MARVEL!

HOLD STILL FOLKS!



GREAT SCOTT!
THE WHOLE
HOUSE IS
BLOWN
APART!

HUNCHY IS NO MORE
WHITEY. HE'S PAID THE
PENALTY FOR HIS
CRIMES.

HUNCHY! WHAT
HAPPENED TO
HIM?



AND NOW I'M TAKING YOU TWO BACK TO THE OFFICE. WE'RE STILL GOT TRAMPWELL TO DEAL WITH!

YIPPEEE!
WE GET A RIDE WITH
CAPTAIN MARVEL!



WITH A SPEED THAT NO MODERN PLANE COULD ATTAIN... CAPTAIN MARVEL WHIZZES ACROSS THE COUNTRY.





OH, BILLY! AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU! THAT TERRIBLE SQUEEZER IS READY TO DO YOUR BROADCAST AGAIN!

HMM—WELL SEE ABOUT THAT, MISS DALSHAW—
WE'LL SEE...

ANEM... AND NOW FOR THE NIGHTLY BROADCAST, BETTER REHEARSE A BIT FIRST, I DON'T WANT TO HURT MY PUBLIC... THE SUCKERS!

HEY, TURN AROUND!



FROM NOW ON THAT SQUIRT WILL STAY IN HIS PLACE.

BILLY, YOU'VE GOT TO HURRY! YOU'RE SCHEDULED TO GO ON THE AIR IN TWO SECONDS.



YES, FOLKS, TRAMPWELL AND HIS ASSISTANT SQUEEZER McGEEZER ARE THROUGH—AS OF TONIGHT NO, THEY WON'T BE BOTHERING YOU AGAIN FOR SOME TIME... CAPTAIN MARVEL GIVES HIS PERSONAL GUARANTEE OF THAT.



READ THE WORLD-FAMOUS ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN MARVEL AND OTHER STARS EACH MONTH IN THE POPULAR WHIZ COMICS!

NEW!

DYNAMIC! FAST-MOVING! THE NEWEST AND GREATEST COMIC MAGAZINE EVER TO HIT THE NEWSSTANDS! A BRAND NEW WOW COMICS!



SEE MR. SCARLET and
PINKY in a fast-moving
adventure mystery!



SEE COMMANDO TANK,
the greatest hero to
emerge from war-torn
Europe!



SEE the dashing
hero PHANTOM EAGLE
show the little yellow-
bellies America's might!

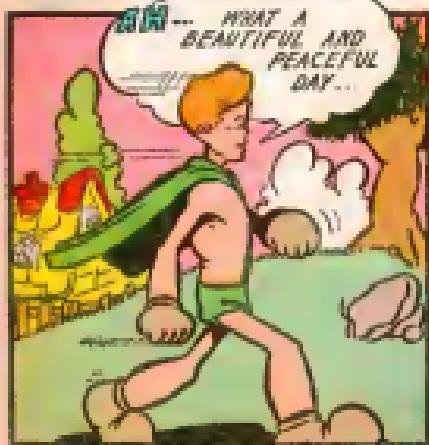
YOU'LL FIND THEM ALL IN

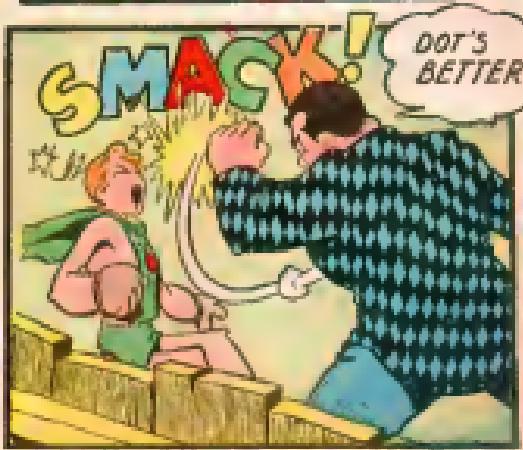
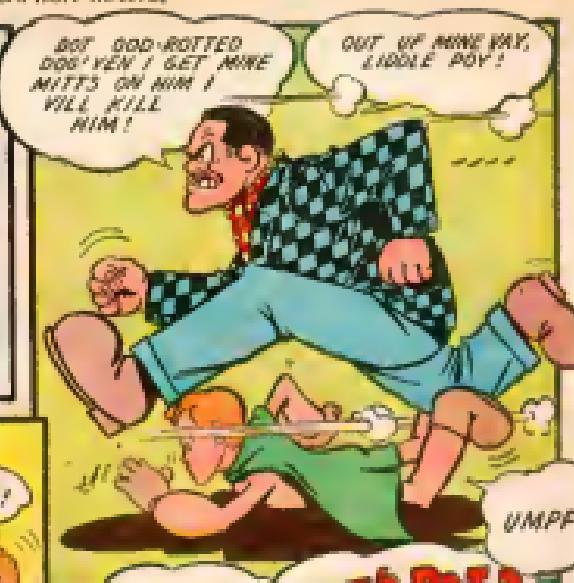
WOW

...And don't miss
SPOOKS! It will
thrill you with
chills and tickle
you with laughs!

SPOOKS!

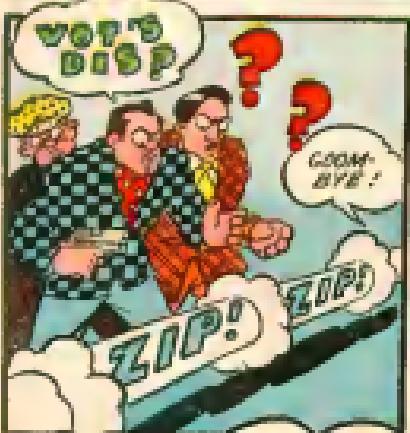
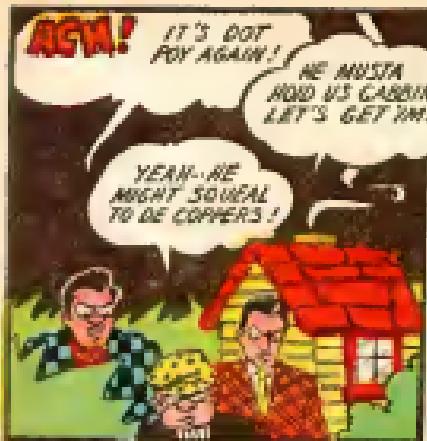
COMICS
ON SALE APRIL 17th
DON'T MISS IT!











THE SNAKE COILS UP AND STRIKES - CUT!

WHEW!
DUCKED JUST IN TIME!

ULP!



WHAT A LUCKY KID!

TAH! LET'S GET OUR KIDS ON HIM!



BUT... AS THE THUGS ADVANCE THEY ARE ACCIDENTALLY HIT BY THE CROCODILE'S TAIL!

SMACK!

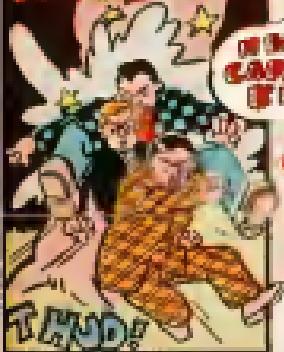


KLOK!

HELLO, CAPTAIN JAZZ!

HI-YA FOLKS!
HERE'S SOME
CROOKS

FOR YOU!
HELLO, BETTY MAE.



CAPTAIN JAZZ

RETURNS TO
SHATVILLE A
ONCE MORE!

DON'T
FORGET
TO SEE HIM
AGAIN IN NEXT
MONTH'S

CAPTAIN
MIND

Coffins Are for Corpses

JOSEPH J. MILLARD

THE RAFT bobbed gently on the soft Pacific swells. Its two occupants, "Coffin" Coffin and Andy Byron, doffed lazily, soaking up the warm tropical sun. For two shipwrecked landlubbers adrift in the South Seas, they seemed strangely content.

"Ho-hum!" Coffin yawned. "I don't care if we're never rescued. For the first time in my life, I'm getting enough sleep."

"Yeah," Andy Byron admitted grudgingly, "but I'd like to wake up for breakfast just once. Two days without a meal is too . . ."

He broke off sharply. Somewhere in the distance a high-powered rifle said: "Bam!" and a moment later something struck the raft between them, ripped a foot-long splinter and went whirling out to sea.

"Hey!" Coffin leaped to his feet, nearly upsetting the raft. "Look at that little island off there. It looks like a little bit of heaven, all green and coral and . . ."

"That little bit of heaven," Andy snapped, "is shooting at you."

"It's a girl!" Coffin reported incredulously, craning his neck. "I can see her on the beach, with two big natives. She's . . . WOW!"

The second ding plowed the toe off Coffin's waterlogged shoe. The two men went overboard like frogs, coming up behind the dubious protection of the raft. Behind them bobbed a queer, black box that was tied to the raft by a long rope. Coffin clung to this rope.

"What's she shooting at us for?" Byron demanded. "What'd we ever do to her, I'd like to know?"

"I'll go find out," Coffin suggested. "It's an easy swim and the current's drifting us there anyhow. I'll . . ."

"Wait, you half-wit!" Byron snapped. "That murderous female will probably blow your head off. I forbid you to . . ."

He stopped talking because suddenly Coffin was gone. Only a stream of bubbles showed where he had dived. Byron swore gloriously and clung to his corner until he saw his friend's lean form emerge from the water and dart into bushes on the shore. Neither the savage girl nor her native companions saw Coffin.

"He'll be killed," Byron moaned. "That idiot always gets into trouble!"

Meanwhile Coffin was creeping close to the tribe on the beach. He saw that the girl was white-skinned, beautiful—and very angry. Also he saw that her companions were hideously-looking mahogany giants. As he stared, the girl lifted her rifle again, aiming at the raft that was already drifting dangerously close. Something had to be done to save Andy Byron.

Coffin looked around and suddenly saw an ungratefully coconut crab lumbering past the tribe. A grin touched his lips. He bent forward.

"Hey!" the coconut crab suddenly said to the girl. "What's the idea of shooting at that poor man? Are you mad?"

The girl whirled, dropping her rifle to gape at the creature. The two natives uttered noises that sounded like squeaking brakes on a model T Ford and suddenly went off down the beach like a pair of cyclones. Coffin clapped a hand to his own mouth and rolled on the ground, helpless with laughter. But his mirth was short-lived.

"Very funny" a voice sud-

denly snapped, and something round and hard jabbed his side. "Now laugh your way out of this!"

Coffin sobered abruptly. The girl was standing over him, prodding him with the business end of the rifle, and she looked furious enough to use it without hesitation.

"Hey!" Coffin said, sitting up. "Now look, lady. Take that gun away, will you? It was just vestigialism—a joke . . ."

"How nice," the girl said. "Then laugh at this, wise boy!"

The rifle swung. Coffin tried to dodge and rammed right into a cloud of star-streaked darkness. It was the last thing he remembered for several hours.

He awoke with a headache to find himself bound tightly, lying on the dirt floor of a native hut. Byron lay beside him, looking like a mad scarecrow. The girl stood over them, glaring.

"Now look, lady," Coffin groaned. "You're making a terrible mistake, creating a couple of visitors like this. We've been shipwrecked and drifted for three days on that raft. Could we help it if the darn thing floated to your island?"

"Don't be to me," snapped the girl. "You're spies for Black Banney, the pearl pirates who'd been trying to steal the cache of pearls my father hid here."

"Lady," Coffin sweat fervently. "You wrong us. We never heard of Black Banney, and we never belonged to the Pearl-pirates' union."

"Is that so? Then how does it happen that a few minutes ago we sighted Black Banney's schooner heading right this way? He's due to land any minute with his crew of cutthroats and I haven't anything but my rifle and two scared natives to stop him."

CAPTAIN MARVEL

"Let us help you. Get us loose and we'll . . ."

"You'll probably eat my throat," she snapped. "No thanks. You can stay right there."

With the words, she turned and vanished into the twilight outside. Coffin gazed and glared at Andy Byrne.

"This is a mess. She'll get taken by the pirates and we can't help her."

"You don't know the half of it," Andy grunted. "What do you suppose Black Barney'll do to us? I've heard he kills all witnesses so that nobody can repeat his words."

AT THAT moment, they heard a brief rattle of gunfire, yells, and then the tramp of feet on the hard sand beach. A heavy voice growled angrily, then the girl's voice answered in sharp defiance. It was plain that the pirates had landed and Black Barney was master of the island.

"Hey!" Andy whispered. "Roll over, I think I can get your ropes loose with my teeth."

A few minutes later they stood up, free of their bonds, and peered out. Down on the beach, a huge fire blazed. Around it squatted a score of the most vicious-looking natives they had ever seen. Nearby, the girl stood tied to a palm tree while a huge, black-bearded giant twisted her arm. Coffin snarled in helpless rage at the sight, but without weapons, they were helpless against the pirate crew.

"For the last time, Luana," roared Black Barney, "where are the pearls?"

The girl's face contorted with pain as pressure was applied to her twisted arm. Suddenly she sobbed.

"All right, I'll tell," she said, brokenly. "Dad buried them in the old native grave, the one marked with a cross, at the top of the hill!"

In the little hut, Coffin Clegg turned to Andy.

"In a grave," he whispered. "That's for us. Come on—we'll have to work fast!"

"We'll be killed," Andy moaned, "but I might as well help. Let's go."

They crept through the shadows, circling around the pirates to reach the place where their raft, and the mysterious black box, were beached. As they cut the box loose and moved off with it into the bushes they could hear Black Barney's growling bellow.

"Get heavy, mates," he roared. "There's a fortune waiting for every man of us tonight, that we'll get as soon as the moon comes up!"

Two hours later, in the light of the full moon, the parade of pirates moved up the trail to the old native grave at the top of the hill. Black Barney marched in front, dragging Luana by one arm, chuckling in anticipation effect. Behind, his native henchmen were silent, the whites of their eyes bright with superstition fear.

"Here it is," Barney shouted suddenly, and pointed to a mound of sandy earth, surrounded by a crude cross. "Get busy, you scabs, and start digging!"

Nervous but obedient, the pirates began to dig. Deeper and deeper they went until suddenly a shovel scraped on wood. Thrusting a tooth into the hole, Black Barney roared in triumph at sight of a huge black coffin.

"Drag it up and open it!" he ordered.

"But the ghosts," whispered the pirates. "Evil spirits rest in the coffins of the dead!"

"I'll 'ghost' you!" Barney roared. "Drag it up here."

Gaping, Luana watched the big coffin being dragged up. Barney himself grabbed the heavy lid and tore it off. For a single frozen moment he stared into the coffin. Then with a howl of terror, he stumbled back.

FOR A MAN as sprightly is the opened coffin like a vengeful ghost. He glared around him and the pirates fell over themselves, moaning in terror. The man's lips opened.

"Who dares disturb my grave?" he thundered. "I'll slay them—every one of them! I'll eat their flesh and grind their bones! I'll . . ."

With yells and howls of pure terror, the terrified pirates whirled and raced down the path to the beach. Black Barney, for all his brave words, was leading the flight when they tumbled into their boat and splashed madly back to the schooner.

Luana was left, slumped weakly on the ground, staring. The man in the coffin began to roar with laughter. He fell out of the coffin and rolled on the ground, howling. Andy Byrne stepped out from behind a tree, holding his sides.

"You!" Luana cried. "How did you get loose? How could you be down in that grave—alive?"

"You wouldn't give me a chance to explain before," Coffin choked. "We worked for a little circus that was touring the islands until our boat was wrecked in a typhoon. My specialty was letting myself be buried alive in that trick coffin. When we heard you say the pearls were in a grave, Andy and I rescued my trick coffin and came up here ahead of the pirates. He buried me and then waited to start running through the trees, in case my stunt didn't scare them away. But I guess it did. Look!"

He pointed down toward the lagoon where the lights of Black Barney's schooner could be seen heading out to sea as fast as the wind could take them.

Luana suddenly threw an arm around each man and hugged him.

"You saved me and my pearls. I'm sorry I treated you so. What can I do to make up for it?"

"Lady," Coffin said, "we haven't eaten for three days. You can fix us a ham sandwich. Just a little one will do—about as big!"

With a judicious sigh, he held his hands about four feet apart.

The End.

Capt. MARVEL

AND THE
WARRIOR
OF WAI

WE'RE ONLY THE NEWEST
TENANTS OF THIS OLD
WORLD, FOLKS! WHEN
CAPTAIN MARVEL DISCOVERED
SOME OF THE CUSTOMERS
THAT USED TO OCCUPY SPACE
HERE, HE WASN'T SURPRISED
THAT THEY GOT
DISPOSSESSED!



HYUH! HYUH! DAT
POOLS SO BLACK
CHARCOAL'D LEAVE
A WHITE MAN
ON IT!

WE'VE
FINALLY
REACHED
THE BLACK
POOL OF
WAI!

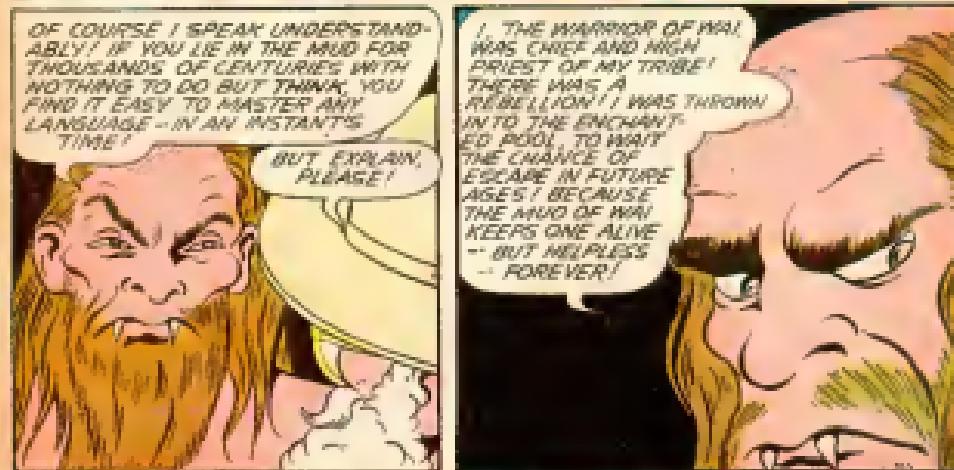
THIS OLD
CHEST WOULD
SEEM TO
SUGGEST THAT
ANCIENT PEOPLES
LIVED HERE! BUT
WHAT KIND? AND
HOW DO YOU
OPEN THE
THING?

I DON'T KNOW,
BILLY! IT SEEMS
TO BE STUCK
FAST. ANYWAY,
I'M MORE
INTERESTED IN
PLUMBING THE
POOL OF WAI.











BEFORE THE STARTLED BILLY CAN SPEAK HIS MAGIC WORD, POWERFUL TALONS SHUT OFF HIS VOICE! THE WINGED LIZARD FROM THE PAST SOARS AWAY WITH HIM!



WE FLASH BACK TO BILLY HELPLESS IN THE TALONS OF THE MONSTER PTERODACTYL!

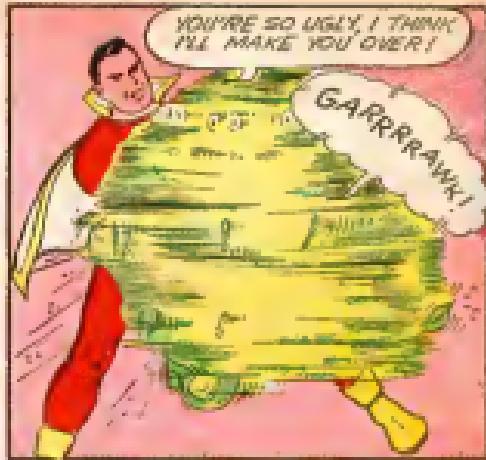


INSTEAD OF THE LIGHT FORM OF BILLY BATSON, THE PTERODACTYL FINDS ITSELF BURDENED WITH THE STALWART CAPTAIN MARVEL!

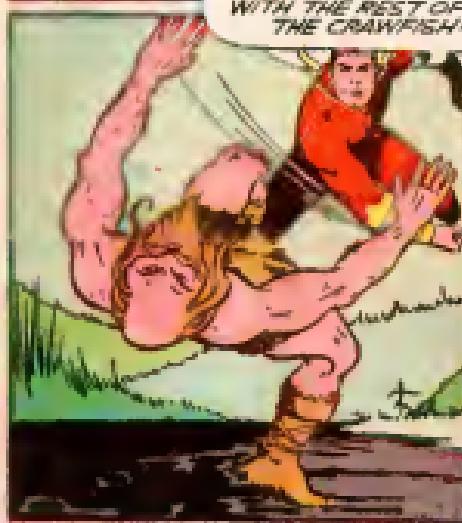
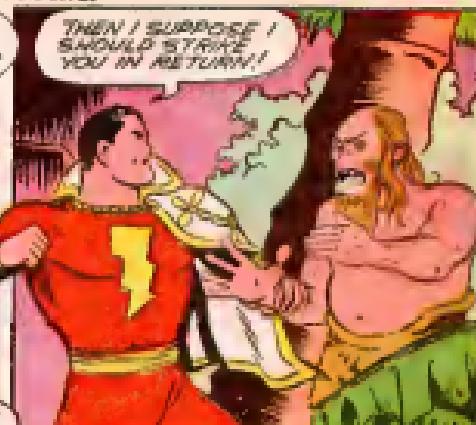
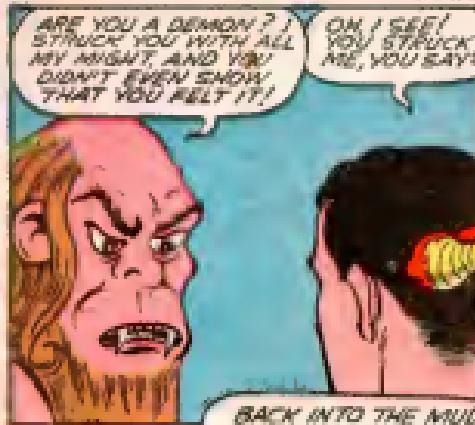


I'M INSULTED! THE THING DOESN'T LIKE MY COMPANY!









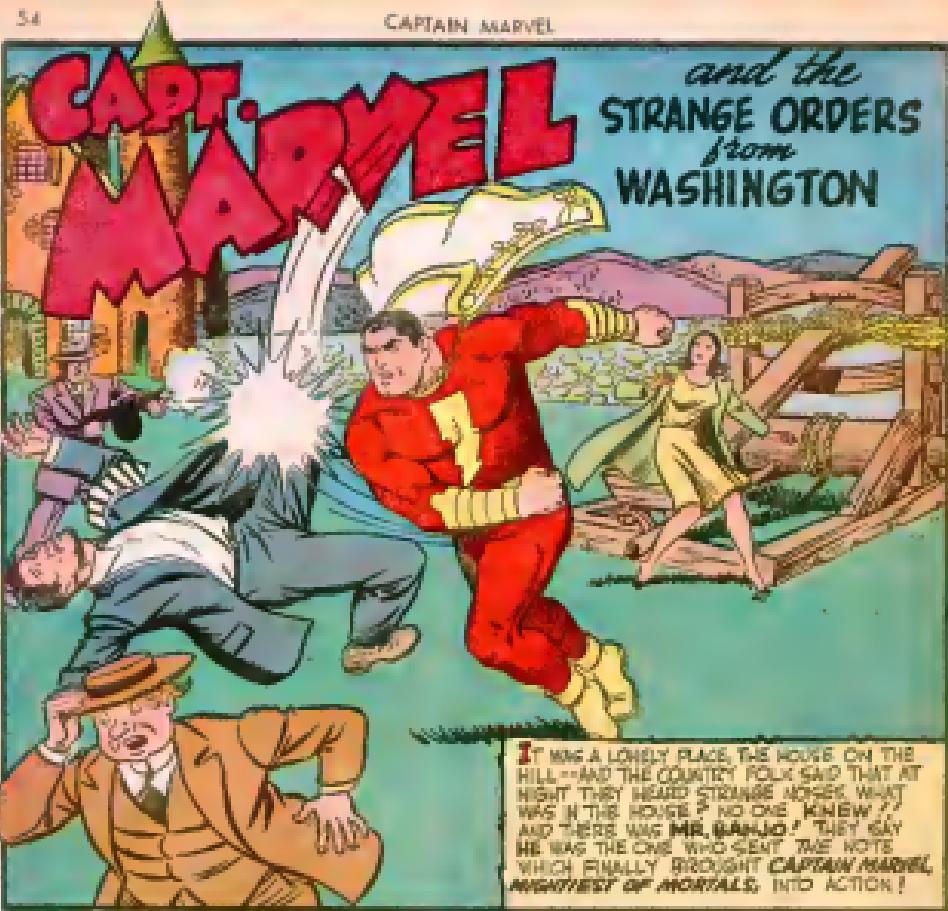
FAMOUS

BLITZKRIEGS OF THE PAST

"ATTEMPTING TO EXTEND HIS GREAT MEDO-PERSIAN EMPIRE INTO EUROPE, XERXES, THE MOST POWERFUL RULER OF HIS DAY, LEAD A HORDE OF MORE THAN A MILLION MEN ACROSS THE HELLESPONT IN A TREMENDOUS DRIVE AGAINST THE GREEK STRONGHOLD AT ATHENS."

XERXES,
PERSIAN VICTOR
AT THERMOPYLAE





IT WAS A LONELY PLACE, THE HOUSE ON THE HILL--AND THE COUNTRY FOLK SAID THAT AT NIGHT THEY HEARD STRANGE NOISES. WHAT WAS IN THE HOUSE? NO ONE KNEW--AND THERE WAS MR. GRAHAM! THEY SAY HE WAS THE ONE WHO SENT THE NOTE WHICH FINALLY BROUGHT CAPTAIN MARVEL, MIGHTIEST OF MORTALS, INTO ACTION!

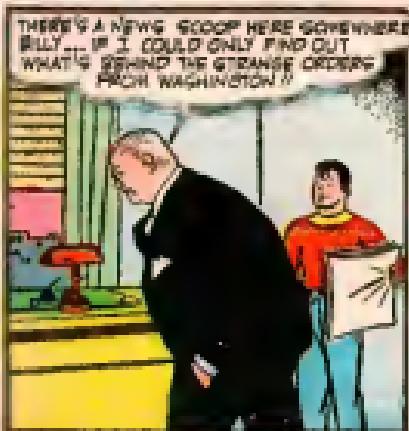


TEMPLAR MANSION, LOCATED BACK IN THE LOVELY HILLS, HAS BEEN STANDING FOR CENTURIES. SOME SAY THE INDIANS BUILT IT--SOME SAY GHOSTS BUILT IT FOR A DWELLING PLACE.



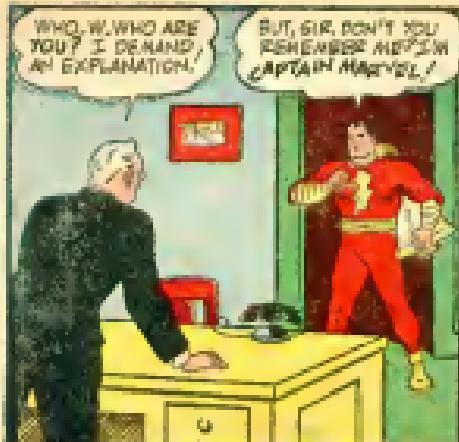
BUT THE GHOSTS MUST BE LIVELY TONIGHT--FOR A LANTERN SUDDENLY FLARES IN AN UPRIGHT WINDOW.





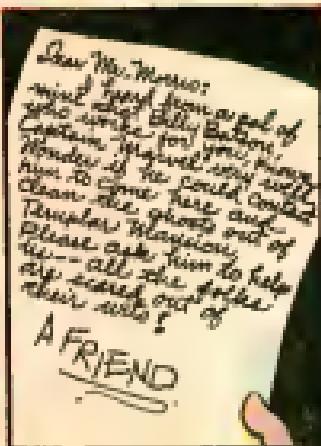
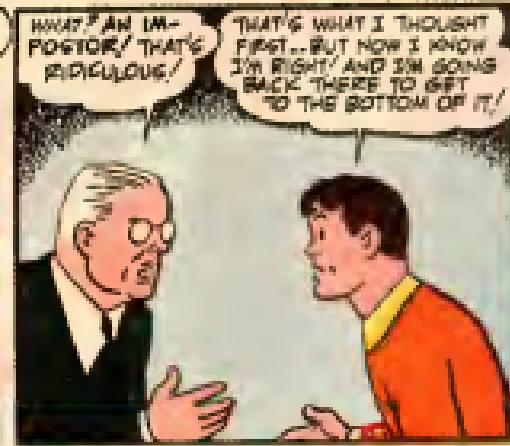
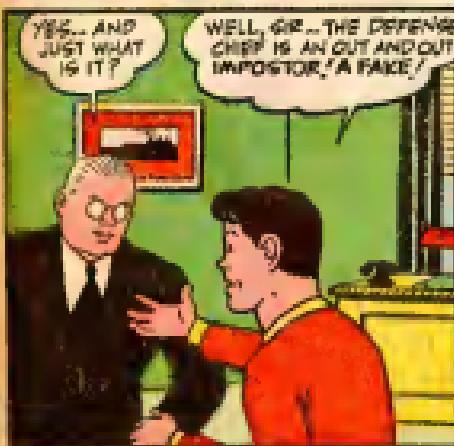


CAPTAIN MARVEL

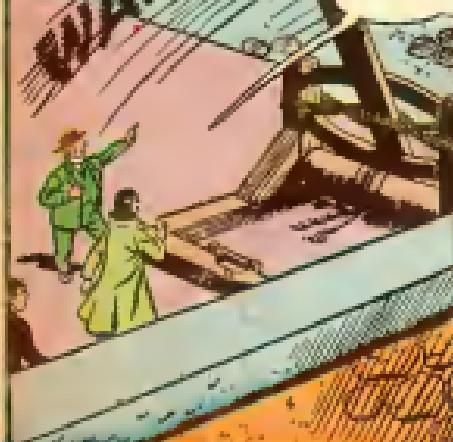
















AS EASILY AS AN ORDINARY MORTAL MIGHT OPEN A BOX OF CRACKERS, CAPTAIN MARVEL TEARS A HOLE THROUGH THE MASSIVE WALL.



THESE THREE RATTLE SNAKES BUT THAT'S ALL
AINT TO KILL ME IN COLD BLOOD! THEY KEPT ME HERE
AND HAD A FAKE DISPOSEE CHEF IN WASHINGTON
GIVING ORDERS WHICH WOULD HAVE SABOTAGED THE WHOLE
COUNTRY!

OVER HOWSER-
OR WILL WE, AS
SOON AS WE GET
YOU BACK TO
WASHINGTON?



BUT WHAT ABOUT THAT
ONE WHO'S OUT THERE WITH THE PEFT OF
THE BATS WHILE WE'LL

NOT ANYMORE HE DON'T,
SINCE HE'S AFTER HIS MIND
THERE WITH THE PEFT OF
THE BATS WHILE WE'LL
SEND A COUPLE OF FBI
MEN TO PICK HIM UP!



THAT'S THAT!
A GOOD DEED DONE
BY CAPTAIN MARVEL
AND A GOOD STORY
FOR BILLY /
BATTOM!



WELL, BILT ANOTHER SCOOP
FOR AMALAMATED BROAD-
CASTING! GOT EVERYTHING
READY?

YES, OR I'M GOING
ON THE AIR RIGHT
NOW!



YES, FOLKS, MR. BAHNO AND HIS WHOLE GANG
WERE CLEARED UP BY CAPTAIN MARVEL THAT
IS... ER... ALL EXCEPT ANITA, THE MYSTERIOUS
GIRL WHO KNOWS ONE IS NOBODY KNOWS



WHILE FAR OUT FROM THE U.S. COAST...

ANITA IS NOT THROUGH
YET! CAPT. MARVEL WINS
THIS TIME, BUT JUST WAIT...
THERE'S ALWAYS ANOTHER
TIME!



MAYBE SOME DAY ANITA WILL RETURN... WHO KNOWS?
BUT WHETHER SHE DOES OR NOT, CAPTAIN
MARVEL WILL KNOW THE ANSWER. READ HIS
EXCITING ADVENTURES EACH MONTH IN
WHIZ COMICS!

**ACTION in MASTER
is BETTER and FASTER!**

10¢
MASTER COMICS

MAY No. 26

MASTER COMICS

WHO? WHO? WHO?

Who is the Sinister, Mysterious Anti-Criminal Who Takes Up With MAD MR. MACABRE Against CAPTAIN MARVEL JR., World's Mightiest Boy?

SEE FOR YOURSELF NOW! IN THE NEW MASTER COMICS

10¢ BUY IT TODAY 10¢

UNCLE SAM WANTS YOU TO BUILD MODEL WAR PLANES!



EVERY red-blooded American boy wants to help his country win the war. Maybe you're too young to join the army, but here's something you can do—build model airplanes for Uncle Sam!

The U. S. Government has issued a call for 500,000 scale models to be used in training Navy pilots and in civilian defense. The picture above shows how officers use scale models to instruct Navy aviators in the theory of flight and in recognizing enemy planes.

The May issue of *Mechanix Illustrated*, now on sale for only 10 cents, contains detailed plans and complete instructions for building these model planes for the Navy.

Join in this great program today! Get your copy of *Mechanix Illustrated* at the nearest newsstand, and set to work at once. *Mechanix Illustrated* will tell you how to do the job quickly and accurately.

You'll also enjoy the many other features in the big, new *Mechanix Illustrated*—thrilling articles about the war and dozens of exciting pictures!

